

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, July 26, 1883, with transcript

Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel (Hubbard) Bell. L Washington, July 26th, 1883.

It seems to me as if every moment of my time has been occupied since I came here and you have been in my thoughts all the time — yes — day and night — yet somehow or other I have written nothing except that miserable little scrawl. Every day I say “I will spend at least one hour with Mabel” — but somehow or other I don't do it and I feel so guilty — and yet I do love you my sweet little wife and have been wanting to write to you all the time. Please don't scold me — I scold myself all the time. The moment I set to work to write something comes in the way and even now Mr. Michelson is here (just come in) and I have to write in his presence.

There is only one way I can write in comfort what I want to say — and I can't help what you will say or what promises I have to break — I am going to do it tonight — SIT UP!

Yes! One good letter at all events you will have — for I will write it if I have to sit up all night over it — and I have so much to write about.

I cannot help it — I must sit up at night — and you will have to choose between no letters (or what amounts to the same thing — a scrawl or telegram) — and a letter written in the quiet of the night. Quietness is a necessity to me — and quite independently of interruptions — the workmen on the roof keep hammer — hammer all the time.

Another interruption — telephone bell. Lewis says “Dinner 2 is on the table.”

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My darling don't think I neglect you. If it wasn't for Mr. Michelson's presence I could bang my head hard enough to be heard above the racket! Headache or no headache tomorrow a long letter will be on its way to Oakland in the morning.

Your loving, Alec.